C-221-5-6

Wm Bronscombe 230203

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 34. MONTREAL, AUGUST 22, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Birthplace of Josephine.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.')

Josephine is not an uncommon name, but it derives for us its most queenly association from the beautiful Creole wife of the First Napoleon, a woman whose charm, grace, tact, and misfortunes have become traditional. When, a few weeks ago, the terrible volcanic eruption at Martinique laid waste an island, and thousands perished in the flood of fire and death, there were some of us whose geographical knowledge was so slender that we could not at once remember much about St. Pierre. But we had an association that helped us out. 'Why, don't you know,' I heard a gentleman say to a friend, 'that's the place where the Empress Josephine was born.' We give a picture of the house in which the child, who was to have so strange a mingling of life's glory and life's woes, first saw the light of earth.

BIRTHPLACE OF EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

When here a little child she played,
Her old nurse dreamed that she would wear
A crown upon her golden head,
And sit upon a golden chair.

Josephine was thirty-three years old, and the widow of the Vicomte Beauharnais, when she married the youthful Napoleon, then twenty-six and a bachelor. The wedding-day was March 9, 1796. Napoleon Bonaparte was already famous, and he was to be the conqueror of Europe. Josephine was called Citizeness Bonaparte at first. She was to be raised to the proud pre-eminence of the throne, wear a crown, and the title of Empress. It seems probable, in the revelations of later days, that she was a shallow coquette, and though the genius of Napoleon was magnificent, he was capable of an immense pettiness. Though his love for her was at first an adoration, it cooled in time, and he wearied of her extravagance and cared for her prices. She, on the other hand, loved him more devotedly in the latter days of her life than at first, her love surviving the cruel wrench of the divorce, by which with her childless condition as a pretext, Napoleon sundered their union. With the divorce of Josephine and Napoleon's subsequent marriage to Marie Louise of Austria, his star waned. Napoleon died in exile at St. Helena, but it was his divorced wife, and not the Austrian Princess who, had she been permitted, would have shared his desolate imprisonment.

According to St. Amand, Napoleon owed some of his rapid advancement to the diplomacy of Josephine. 'She prepared the field in which he was to show himself the master.'

From the little house in Martinique to the Tuileries—what a step! To the happy West Indian child, how little was revealed of the destiny before her. Her daughter, Hortense Beauharnais, married one of Napoleon's brothers, and it was her grandson who became Napoleon the Third, husband of that beautiful Empress Eugenie, who once set the fashions for the world. The child of Marie Louise did not succeed his brilliant father. He died in early youth.

'Do You Love Jesus?'

There are two traits of Christian character for which native Christians of China are conspicuous, viz., Christian heroism and Christian liberality.

Those who were wont to talk about 'rice Christians,' 'self-seekers,' etc., etc., will need in the future to revise their tirades of reproach in this direction and seek other fields where they may ventilate their spite, or hatred, or whatever it may be.

Time will never come when will be forgotten the splendid fortitude and endurance of the seventy-five or one hundred thousand native Christians of China—men, women and children, who in the year A.D. 1900, rather than deny the teachings of the Cross, willingly laid down their lives for its sake, and that means for Jesus' sake. Likewise instances of their liberality—consecrated liberality—are not wanting, such liberality as puts us to shame sometimes.

The following instance is only one of a long series that might be mentioned. It is so full of pathos and genuine high consecration that we may well, when we have finished reading it, ask ourselves do we really love Jesus.

As I recall it, the story runs somewhat as follows: I do not know the Chinaman's name, but we will call him Hong-chhe, which means 'sent.' For if any man was ever sent, a herald of the Cross—a messenger, then this man was. He was in the employ of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of London. For seven or eight years he had kept his little shop, selling Bibles, tracts, etc., and speaking a word in season, as opportunity offered, in a small village away in the interior of North China. I am not sure what became of him during the Boxer invasion of 1900, but I think he and his family escaped. Anyway, just before that terrible outbreak, the foreign missionary in charge of the district visited this station and found this man not only deeply interested in the work already in hand, but equally concerned about its enlargement, so before the conversation had gone far Hong-chhe introduced the subject of opening a preaching place further on in the interior.

'Teacher,' says Hong-chhe, 'there is a splendid opportunity in that village; a man is ready to rent us a house, the people seem willing to have us come, and many want us to come. Can we not open this place immediately and begin work there?'

Well, what did that missionary have to do? What many a missionary has had to do before and since: tell that man there were no funds for such a purpose. Think of what this means. Do we all realize what it means? It means that the Chinese are seeking the Gospel and we are not providing it. Apparently anticipating some such reply, this Chinaman laid a plan before the missionary which he evidently had been thinking and praying over for a very long time.

'Teacher,' says Hong-chhe, 'it is now some seven or eight years that I have been working for your society. You have given me $5.00 a month ($2.50 gold). During that time I have laid by some eight or ten dollars. This I wish to use towards opening this place, but it is not sufficient. It may be enough to rent the house for one year, but it will do nothing to support a helper. I have been talking over the matter with my wife. One evening I said to her: "Wife, do you love Jesus?" She was not just pleased with the question. Surprised at it, she answered: "Why of course I love Jesus; whatever led you to doubt it?"

'But, think it over carefully and prayerfully,' replied Hong-chhe. 'Do not give me

your final answer now; wait until to-morrow morning and then tell me.'

The morning came and with it the same answer, but with increased sincerity, and with a faith equal for any sacrifice she might be called upon to make for her decision. 'Yes, I do love Jesus.'

'Wife,' says Hong-chhe, 'as you know, we are receiving $5 a month from the society that employs us to labor in this village, the question I wish to ask you is: Do you love Jesus enough to live on $4.00 a month?'

There could be but one answer from this noble woman (I say that unreservedly, though she belongs to the despised and downtrodden ones of Sinim), who had already consecrated herself and her all in prayer to her Lord. 'Yes, I love Jesus enough to live on $4.00 a month.'

'Teacher, you may pay us the $5.00 as before. We will live on $4.00 and use the other $1.00 towards the support of a helper in that village.'

Isn't this magnificent! Let it ring—this story of high consecration and devotion—the world round. Do you love Jesus like that? May our answer be yes, and so let me sacrifice and give for China's redemption. —'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Testimony of a Little Child.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'Oh,my people!' cried the preacher,stretching out his hands to the room full of stolid hearers, 'awake! awake, ye that love the Lord. This is not a time for sleeping. What more can this tongue say to you? Awake! awake, oh, foolish sleeping children!'

In the instant pause that followed the earnest call, patter, patter, patter—the sound of little feet, bare feet, up the church aisle. Rev. John Easton saw who was running to him—his four-year-old daughter, escaped somehow from the guard of the home nest that warm summer night, clad only in her trailing, dainty 'nighty.'

Without a word the little one clambered up the steep pulpit steps, grasping her white gown in her two chubby fists. What to her were the amused, watching people, the solemn hour? To papa she had run—papa's safe arms she would reach.

John Easton was a perfectly natural man. Therefore he was not easily disturbed. He stood still now and waited.

The last step overcome, the baby dropped the folds of her gown and held up her chubby hands to be 'taken.'

'Here I is, papa preacher! Did you want Effel? I'se awake!'

The clear little voice had no 'naughty' tone in it and not one quiver of self consciousness.

'Papa-preacher' lifted the wee lass in his arms. His sermon was certainly closed for the time! Perhaps it was just as well. Despite the warmth of his own spirit it had been like preaching to stones.

'Now, Ethel,' he said, in a voice entirely new to that audience, 'you interrupted papa. Are you ready to help him?'

The bright head nodded gravely.

'Then let me hear you say what you can of the "many mansions" chapter. Speak loudly so our friends can hear.'

The people were awake now.

One hand tucked away in papa's thick curls—for papa and Ethel were closely alike—the other held fast in the big palm where it loved to nestle, the sleep-flushed, dimpled, serious, lovely face turned to 'our friends.' Ethel began:

'"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in—in—"' the sweet voice faltered and then went bravely on, '"believe also in the Good Shepherd. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you all about it. I go to prepare a place for you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled and do not be afraid." Shall I say my verses, too, papa preacher?'

'Yes, my darling.'

'"Jesus takes care of the children,
Keepeth them all through the night,
Angels watch over their slumbers,
Until the glad morning light.
Why do you not trust the Saviour?
Hark! He is calling for you!
He who takes care of the children
Cares for the big people too!"'

Then a sweet-faced woman came hurriedly but softly up the pulpit steps and took 'Effel' in her arms.

'Good-night, papa preacher! I'm sorry I inker-rupted. I won't do it any more, truly!'

When the church doors had closed behind mother and child, the preacher looked earnestly over the faces before him. The coldness, the hardness, the indifference had fled. Just as if he had not been 'inker-rupted' he said:

'My people!

'"Why do you not trust the Saviour?
Hark! He is calling for you!
He who takes care of the children
Cares for the big people too!'

'Will you answer that call? Will you believe the testimony of a little child? Will you become as that little child, simple in trust and faith, sincere in love? "Hark! He is calling for you," that Good Shepherd who never yet led lamb or sheep astray. If it were not so he "would have told you all about it." Will you accept him now?'

And that night there were added unto the church invisible a host of rejoicing souls.

Enlarging the Capacity.

Not long ago we made the acquaintance of a young girl who is nearsighted. Until she was nearly ten years of age neither she nor her parents realized her lack. But finding that she had difficulty in studying at school they took her to an oculist who furnished her with suitable glasses. When she put them on and looked about her she exclaimed: 'Why, mamma, I can see the grass, that it has separate blades, and the trees, that they have separate leaves. I could never see so before, for they always appeared like one mass of green.' We know the secret. She could see more and she could see better simply because her capacity for seeing was enlarged. Just so it is with religion in the soul; it enlarges its capacity. Before, the eyes of the understanding were darkened, and there was blindness in the heart. Now, the whole being is brought 'out of darkness into God's marvellous light.' . . . . In innumerable ways the Christian has the advantage over one who is not a Christian. His field of vision is wider and more far-reaching, because it takes in things spiritual and therefore eternal. His cup of bliss is not only fuller, but it holds more. While others may have real earthly joys Christ's follower has these and the joys of the Christian added. Not only can he say, 'My cup runneth over,' but he can add, 'My heart hast thou enlarged.' While the pint cup may be full, the quart cup holds more.—Gerald B. F. Hallock, D.D., in 'Upward Steps.'

A Dream of Christ.

A good Christian lady living in Sweden opened a home for crippled and diseased children,—children whom nobody really cared about but herself,—and received nearly twenty of them into it. Amongst them was a little boy, three years old, who was a more frightful and disagreeable object than you ever saw, or are ever likely perhaps to see, in your life. He resembled a skeleton. His poor skin was so covered with blotches and sores that he could not be dressed. He was always crying and whining, always peevish, and the poor little fellow gave more trouble than all the others put together. The good lady did her best for him; she was as kind as possible,—washed him, fed him, nursed him,—but the child was so repulsive in his ways that she could not bring herself to like him, and her disgust, it is to be feared, occasionally appeared in her face. One day she was sitting on the verandah steps with the child in her arms. The sun was shining warm; the scent of the honeysuckle, the chirping of the birds, the buzzing of the insects, lulled her into a sort of sleep, and in half-waking, half-dreaming state she thought of herself as having changed places with the child, and lying there, only more foul, more disagreeable than he was. Over her she saw the Lord Jesus Christ bending, looking intently and lovingly into her face, and yet with a sort of expression of gentle rebuke in it, as much as if he meant to say, 'If I can love and bear with you, who are so weak and sinful, surely you ought, for my sake, to love that suffering child.' She woke up with a start, and looked in the boy's face. He had waked up, too, and she expected to hear him begin to cry; but he looked at her—poor little mite!—very quietly and earnestly for a long time, and then she—sorry for past disgust, and feeling a new compassion for him, and a new interest in him—bent her face to his and kissed his forehead as tenderly as she had ever kissed any of her own babes. With a startled look in his eyes, and a flush on his cheeks, the boy, instead of crying, gave her back a smile so sweet that she had never seen one like it before, nor will, she thinks till it will light up his angel features some day on their meeting in heaven. From that day forth a perfect change came over the child. Young as he was, he had hitherto read the feelings of dislike and disgust in the faces of all who approached him, and that embittered his little heart; but the touch of human love swept all the peevishness and ill-nature away, and woke him up to a new and happier existence.—'Christian Herald.'

Maj.-General Sir W. Gatacre says that during the time he has been in the army he has had considerable experience of men who drank and men who did not. He had found that in a regiment where the majority of soldiers were temperance men they were always well behaved and healthy. Drink was not what soldiers craved for on their return home; what they wanted was a hearty welcome. If, however, the soldiers were asked to drink, they would probably take it; but they should not be asked.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Ma' and the 'General Pike' Pitcher.

(By Grace Margaret Gallaher, in 'Youth's Companion.')

'Mother,' the rocking-chair by the gate sounded slightly displeased with things, 'do you feel promptings to the strenuous life?'

'In what form?' The steamer chair on the piazza was evidently inviting a nap.

'Um—er—say golf; I haven't played for days.'

'Golf! A mile across lots to the links and three miles round them! Ask Lois.'

'Lois is in one of her now-you-see-me-and-now-you-don't moods. I can't find—'

The stones on the wall rattled, and through the swaying rows of sweet peas came a breathless voice.

'The most wonderful find—right here—Joe says we can drive easily—now, to-day—for fear some one breaks it——'

'A 1697 carved chest or a hood-top highboy?' The tone would have dampened any but a true enthusiast.

'It's a "General Pike" pitcher!' There was a pause for every one to take in the great news.

'And we yearn for a General Pike pitcher above all earthly joys?'

'Alas, the ignorance of one's own kin!' said Lois, coming out of the sweet peas. 'Listen, Bess. It's one of the oldest and rarest pieces of native china. I've never even seen one, and father has hunted years for one. Think of its being up in this little Vermont village!'

'Who told you?' queried Bess.

'The postmistress. I asked her about old furniture and china the first day I came. I've just been down to the village. She was visiting up on the "Pond Meadow Hill" last week and saw an old pitcher in one of the houses; she can't remember whose, but she wrote down the name of the pitcher. Joe is willing to take us right up there now in the jolly-boat.'

Driven by Lois's impetuosity, the aunt and the cousin packed themselves and their remonstrances into the jolly-boat, a waggon of mixed architecture but unlimited capacity, and counselled Joe, owner of the vehicle, to drive to the Pond Meadow Hill.

The sun still stood over Haystack Mountain, but 'the sleep that lies among the lonely hills' was already creeping down its slope. Mrs. Gerard and Bess enjoyed the September beauty in silence. Lois brooded lovingly over the prize yet to be captured.

Lois's father possessed all the requisites for happiness but health. Shut out from the things of action, he gave his life to the things of the mind. A boyhood passed in an English village had given him a love for all the links that hold us to the past. He delved in old records and gathered about him the antiquities of every country. He and his daughter had spent many days in little outworn villages picking up relics, curious or valuable.

At first Lois loved the old things because her father did, but gradually the collector's passion burned in her own breast.

Thus far perseverance had been forced to be its own reward. The 1697 chest was genuine indeed, so genuine it crumbled feebly away under the ministration of the freight-handlers. The hooded highboy proved to be wearing a head-gear not its own, and legs at least one hundred years too juvenile for it. The 'Pittsfield Elm' plate revealed to the unfriendly daylight cracks seaming it from side to side.

Other calamitous disabilities appeared mysteriously in all Lois's treasures. But she was of the stuff of which martyrs and

SHE BORE A SQUAT, BROWNISH PITCHER.

collectors are made. Each new expedition was 'a triumph of hope over experience.'

Mixed with the pure gold of her antiquarian passion was, it must be told, the dross of wounded pride. It was hard to be met always at the end of each hunt by the wise smiles of her father and his friends, and their 'You see, my dear, a genuine platter would have—' or 'You never find a really old chair with those marks on—'

'I do hope it hasn't a great bite out of it, like the George Third tureen!' said Lois to herself.

'Here's Pond Meadow,' announced Joe, pointing to open fields which stretched away from a mountain lake. A few houses stood along the grassy road.

'Let's begin here!' cried Lois, nodding at a rambling old farm-house, shining white

'MA'D GET RIGHT UP AND POUR US OUT A MUG TO COOL US OFF.'

and clean in the afternoon sun. There's an old man on the porch.'

'I quake, Lois,' whispered Bess. 'He looks like Jupiter in the Flaxman Homer.'

Evidently even the Olympians are as naught to your collector, for Lois was already saying in beguiling tones:

'Good afternoon, sir! We are very much interested in old-fashioned furniture, and we thought perhaps you had some we might look at.'

'No, ma'am,' replied the old man, with surprising quickness, 'I ain't, but if I had you should have it so quick you wouldn't know who you be. Me an' my wife we perfectly hate it. Just look in thar, if you want to know what we favor for furniture.'

He opened the door into a low, old room, with crooked windows and billowy floor.

'Oh!' cried the visitors, in anguish.

Red plush chairs and gilded tables crowded every space; huge chromos in vivid frames covered the walls.

'All our taste,' rejoiced the owner. 'No old traps for us. But some folks has other notions. Let 'em have 'em and welcome, I say. If you're thet sort, you'd better go to Miss Polly Ann Pettis; her folks has been here longer'n any one. Right to the end of the road she lives.'

The road soon grew to be no road at all, only a wide meadow running to the edge of the hill. Right at the end of things clung a little, low house, gray and moss-grown, its bit of a dooryard aflame with autumn flowers, asters, nasturtiums, hollyhocks and zinnias.

'Your dear!' whispered Lois. 'How nice to get it from such a place!'

The kitchen gate and door stood cordially open. The three peeped in as Lois knocked.

There must have been all over New England hundreds of such kitchens in the days of Adams and Jefferson. Absolutely clean, bare of all but necessaries, and those of the clumsiest fashion, it spoke of toil and poverty.

But the little woman who entered from another door was eloquent of greater things. Her white hair and heavy wrinkles were defied by her straight shoulders and her eyes, in which burned immortal youth.

'Good afternoon!' She answered their greetings in a bright little voice. 'Won't you walk into the fore-room?'

A touch of pride in her voice made them look eagerly about; here might be treasures. It was only the humblest of sitting-rooms, with no carpet on the unpainted boards. Yet it represented Miss Polly's best; therefore her pride in it.

'A real pleasant day for a ride,' she began.

'Yes,' answered Lois's aunt. 'We are having beautiful weather.'

Lois, with the tact that was the wonder of the girls, divined the desire for information that would not satisfy itself by questioning.

'We are spending the summer down in Searsboro,' she said. 'We heard you had some old furniture we could look at.'

Miss Polly sat straighter. 'Just look around you. Everything's old. I'm most as old as the rest.'

'We heard of a General Pike pitcher; perhaps you know about it,' said Mrs. Gerard, who saw no reason for wasting time in overtures.

Miss Polly vanished to the kitchen. When she appeared she bore a squat, brownish and—to the unenlightened mind—ugly pitcher.

'Oh!' cried Lois. Her eyes began to glitter with the collector's joy. She received it into her hands as if it were a sacred vessel. The most searching examination proved it flawless, without crack or nick.

The heart of the young collector fairly bounded. Here was a relic of bygone his-

tory for which her father had searched for years; here was a trophy that would prove her something more than a silly girl, snatching up anything because she happened to see it in an old house.

Then she made Miss Polly a humble, gracious little speech, asking her to sell the treasure.

'Sell it!' cried Miss Polly. 'No, indeed!'

'I will pay twenty dollars for it,' urged Lois.

'Twenty dollars!' Miss Polly gasped a little. 'Well, now, there's sights folks can do with a sum of money like that. But that there's "Ma"!'

Her visitors stared. The little woman blushed red all over her white old face.

'Don't that sound foolish?' she cried. 'I guess I ought to explain. I always call that pitcher Ma. You see, ma used it ever since I can remember. Ma's been dead ten year.'

'But surely you have other relics of your mother. My niece is very anxious to own this especial pitcher. It has historical value.' Mrs. Gerard spoke decidedly, feeling that as this poor woman needed the money, sentiment should not be allowed to interfere with her own good.

'Yes, I do want it very much,' again urged Lois. Could it be possible she was to be balked of this find? 'I have hunted everywhere for one, and so have others. If you do not think the price enough, I will give you more.'

'That is a large sum,' said Mrs. Gerard.

'I guess I know it. I guess I'd like to have it, too,' said Miss Polly. 'There's just one thing I said I'd do these last twenty year if ever I found the money. I've vowed an' declared I'd get a carpet for the fore-room floor. Ma an' me, we made a rag one along about twelve—no, near twenty year ago; but it got wore out an' I took it up, for give me anythin', say I, but holes. I do want that carpet the worst way. It's a trial when folks come to see me from Searsboro or Pleasant Valley to have to take 'em right onto bare boards.'

Lois looked steadily at the worn old face. She divined something behind the hesitation to sell, and she wanted to find out what it was.

'You feel differently about this pitcher than about anything else that was your mother's?' she asked, gently.

'That's it. Everything here was ma's, but—' She looked at Lois, and then, as if to her alone, went on in a soft, shy voice, that gradually lost all shyness in depth of feeling.

'Ma an' me was about everything to one another. I was the oldest,—there was six of us,—and I planned with her someways about raising 'em, pa being busy a good deal. Then by and by pa he went, and my sister Cynthy,—the other girl,—both in one year. The boys they died, too, terrible quick after that—we ain't long-lived, only just ma and me.

'Ma and me, we just had to be all in all to each other, it was so lonesome. I went out sewing by the day, 'way over to Pleasant Valley sometimes. But there wasn't any distance or any weather could keep me away a night from ma. By and by she was took sick, and I stayed here all the time.

'Ma an' me took sights of comfort together, even if we were lonesome. What we liked best was to talk about old times, when it seemed as if this house was just full of children and noise and goin's on. Pa was a great hand for a joke, and so was ma, and good-dispositioned! I don't know as I ever heard a sour word from her, for all she was so tried. And it wa'n't such work living then, neither. Pa, he was pretty prosperous with his farm, and the boys, they was likely fellows. I guess there wa'n't a happier family in this country than we was.

'I'm comin' to the pitcher. The thing that seemed to bring it all back clearest was that pitcher. Ma, she didn't believe in tea or coffee for young ones, so we had milk breakfast, dinner an' supper. I can see ma just as plain, with her hand on that pitcher, waiting for pa to get through the blessin' so she could begin pourin' out our mugs of milk.

'She always used that pitcher. It stood right in the north butt'ry window, where it's always cool, and she kept it full of milk. If any of us children come in hot and thirsty, ma'd get right up and pour us out a mug to cool us off. Somehow that pitcher just seemed to mean ma, so full of something good, and ready to give to us.

'Ma suffered terrible the last year. I can't tell you about that, not even now. For days after she was gone I couldn't look at anythin' she'd used; it brought her back to me, all worn an' thin an' sufferin'.

'One day, a week from the burial, I went into the butt'ry for the first time,—Cousin Ezry Drew's folks had been stayin' here doin' for me,—and I saw that pitcher on the shelf. And maybe you won't believe it, I seemed to see ma standin' by it. Not poor and sick, but rosy and smilin', like long ago. Nothin' would do me but I must have that pitcher on the table that night at ma's old place. There she was, like she always was, happy and ready to begin to help us.

'I don't believe in any spirits or manifestations from the other world, don't you think that; but as I'm a professin' Christian, whenever I put that pitcher in the butt'ry or on the table, and sit and think about them that's gone, I can bring ma back as she was when pa and the children was here. An' I don't feel so lonesome or lost, because I know I can have ma again any minute 'most the same as always.'

Tears rolled down the little woman's face, but her voice was glad. The others were perfectly still. In Lois's mind quick thoughts were leaping. She remembered stories like this where the heart had taken for itself some one symbol of those 'loved long since, and lost a while.'

The homely little vision had nothing grotesque for the girl, but was irradiated with the love that had made it possible. What was the small sense of prosperity and elegance that would come to this lonely old woman from 'a fore-room carpet' compared with the abiding happiness that was hers now in the nearness of her mother? How very slight a thing it seemed now, too, that the girl's father's vast collection should lack this one particular curiosity!

As for her own hurt pride, now so near receiving balm, Lois's breath did go hard for an instant. It was such a prize she had found; and even the most learned of her father's collector friends had never yet achieved it!

She put the pitcher back into its owner's hands. 'Do not sell it to me, Miss Polly,' she said, very softly, 'or to any one. None of your friends care about the carpet at all; they like you just as well without it. But to have a sense of your mother's presence is the most beautiful possession on earth.'

'Lois,' said her aunt as they drove away, 'I think it was really wrong in you to encourage that poor old creature in her delusions against her own interest.'

Lois smiled. 'I didn't want the pitcher, truly, auntie, not after—you see—well, I think while she talked I saw "ma" a little, too.'

True Sunshine.

(Lena Blinn Lewis, in 'Union Gospel News.')

The old kitchen clock slowly struck the noon hour, as it had done for forty years or more, and as its tones died away, Mrs. Brown came from the cellar with a pan of apples whose cheeks were as red as her own.

'Is everything ready, Mary?—all right, you may ring the bell.'

The bell rang out cheerily over the fields and was a welcome sound to the busy and tired haymakers. The noise of the mower died away and soon voices were heard coming from the fields.

'Always ready for dinner,' said Farmer Brown, as he took his seat at the head of the long table. 'But we must make quick work of it this time, as I'm afraid a storm is coming up.'

They all ate rapidly and there was little conversation, for each man knew what a storm meant in haying time. The meal was soon over and the men took their hats from the pegs in the wall and sauntered out.

'O Silas, there's a letter for you. Tom Larkin brought it over on his way from town.'

Rob Brown stood in the doorway to learn if possible the contents of the letter. Letters were scarce at the farm.

'From Chicago; well, well; I wonder if Jim——. Yes, as sure as you're livin'. Well now, I am dumbfounded; pshaw! She says, "Will be with you, Wednesday afternoon." That's to-morrow. I wasn't wantin' to go to town to-morrow. Rob!'

'Sir,' said Rob, turning on his heel.

'You'll have to meet your city cousin; mighty fine, I presume. Strange world, this. I wonder what Jim's doin', anyhow?'

Rob and his father followed the men and Mrs. Brown picked up the letter and read it.

'I must say I'm not delighted with the idea of a visit from Esther. Of all times to come here, and uninvited, too, just during haying and harvest, when it's all Mary and I can do to get the work done, without sitting down to entertain folks. It's a shame; but I don't suppose Jim or his girl know when hay is cut and dried; it's nothing to them. But she is coming and we must treat her well, I expect. She has no mother.'

Mrs. Brown's face softened and she said faintly, 'Poor child.' Then she called up the stair-way, 'You may fix the front room, Mary, for company,' then sighed. 'O dear, dear me.'

. . . .

'I am fearful Aunt Lucy will not be pleased at my coming, father, but as they are such busy days during haying and harvest, perhaps I may be able to help her and so win her confidence and love.'

'You would take sunshine into any home, Esther, and I trust to you to heal a wound of years.'

There had been trouble in the past over a division of property and it had been years since Silas and James Brown had met. James had done what he could to

right things, but Silas would not listen; he had been unfairly used, and he left the blame on his younger brother, but the bitterness had worn partially away during the years of separation, and thoughts of boyhood days had softened and saddened Silas Brown. He tried to quiet his disturbed feelings and would say, 'Jim's contented enough without any of my doin's, I'm thinkin'.' And so time passed along.

When the train puffed in at the little village station only a few loungers were around and they were wondering why Rob Brown was there with the top buggy. It was seldom that the carriage made its appearance.

Esther stepped quickly from the car, and stood looking about her; seeing Rob, she decided at once he was her cousin, and she went to where he stood holding the horse.

'Are you cousin Rob?' she asked pleasantly.

'I think I am, if you're Esther,' he replied, blushing harder than he wished to. 'I did not know as you knew me, and I could not leave Daisy here; she is timid.'

On the way home, Esther tried to be sociable and Rob did his best to entertain her, but he felt very grateful that she kept her eyes on the woods and fields and not on him, but he was almost sorry when they reached the farm. It had been a pleasant drive, after all.

'Well, Rob, what is she like?' called his father from the opposite stall where he was graining the horses.

'She's the nicest girl I ever saw. Why, she knows a lot about the country and she isn't proud and stiff at all.'

Rob's friendship was won, and that was a good beginning, had Esther only known it.

Farmer Brown welcomed his niece warmly. Rob's words had paved the way for kindly feelings. 'If Rob liked Esther, why, any one ought to,' he said to his wife in the kitchen, to which she replied:

'Nice enough, but it's only put on and won't wear well, I'll warrant you.' Esther went to her room that night with a heavy heart. Aunt Lucy's manner chilled her. She prayed very earnestly for wisdom and a spirit of love and tenderness, and before she went to sleep she felt comforted, knowing she was sincere in wishing to do right and to be a peace-maker.

Aunt Lucy was surprised when Esther came into the kitchen early the next morning, and more so when she insisted on paring the potatoes.

'Why, no, child, you're not used to this sort of work.'

'You must let me help you, Auntie; that is what I came for. I knew you would be very busy at harvest season, and you will see I know how to do more needful things than playing the piano and doing fancy work,' Esther answered cheerily.

The summer days wore away and Esther could see she was winning her way into Aunt Lucy's heart. But it made her feel sorrowful when she saw how little brightness was really there. It was nearly time for her to return home and she had hoped to have her father come for her, but no one had mentioned it. One evening after the supper work was over, and Aunt Lucy was busy with her mending, Esther took her guitar to the porch and played some soft low music. She felt lonely and homesick and she wondered if her mission had been a failure after all. The thought of what the summer days had brought to her; of the little talks she and Rob had had and how he had said, 'I believe there is more in this life than we get out of it, Esther.' Was he thinking of another, better, truer life?

She looked at the beautiful clouds as the sun sank out of sight and their brightness was reflected in her soul, and striking a chord, she commenced singing:

'There is sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than shines in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is the light.'

Her voice was clear and sweet and found its way to where her uncle was feeding the cattle. He stopped his work and listened. 'I guess she knows somethin' about sunshine that the rest of us are strangers to,' and he brushed a mist from his eyes and said softly:

'I'm thinkin' I was wrong about Jim.'

The song reached Rob at the wind-mill and he bowed his head on the pump handle, and beneath his old straw hat was a serious face as he offered a silent prayer for sunshine in his soul. Aunt Lucy came slowly from the house and touched Esther's arm, and in a broken voice said earnestly, 'Oh, Esther, can you tell me how to find the joy in life that song tells about?'

Esther's mission was accomplished, and the autumn days brought peace and gladness to many hearts.

Jehovah Jireh.

(Gen. xxii., 14.)

(By the Rev. John A. Brown, in 'American Messenger.')

A God provides! Shall I know fear
When the Source of all holds me as dear
As Christ, the Son? I am His son,
Adopted through the blood of Christ, the Holy One
Who died on Calvary. Shall He not care
For me, for whom He suffered there?
Is God not just? Has He not said
To 'Take no thought for daily bread?
He knows our need; His Son was hungered,
Tempted, tried; all Heaven wondered
To see Him thus: 'twas love that led
Him 'till He had not where to lay His head.
'O, ye of little faith,' the Man of Sorrows knows
And feels the weight of all your woes;
The sorrows of your inmost heart
Are seen by Him; in all He has a part.
His Father's mine, and shall we see
In Him less love than in earth's parents be?
Ah, no! but trust His love, the strength He'll send
Us day by day, until the end.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Macleod takes the Pledge.—At a temperance meeting held recently in Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, Scotland, the Macleod of Macleod, chief of the Clan, marched up to the table, at the close of the address, and took the temperance pledge. Fifty other Highlanders followed their chief's example. A branch of the Highland Temperance League was formed for the district and the Macleod Chief of the Clan was elected president.

Two Girls and an Idea

(By E. J. Guest, in 'Christian Guardian.')

'Yes, we have what you would call a flourishing league, I suppose,' said Nell Gray, slowly, from her perch in the top of the cherry-tree, 'but——'

She left the sentence unfinished as she pulled down a laden bough and nimbly stripped it of its shining fruit.

'But what?' asked her cousin, glancing up at the trim figure half-hidden among the green and red boughs. 'I thought that meeting last night was all that could be desired. The singing was hearty, the papers and the discussion on the topic were live, the members were prompt to lead in the prayer service, there seemed to be the greatest sociability among you. Why do you say "but" in that dubious tone?'

'Well, you see——,' hesitatingly.

'No, I don't see. You are almost all active workers. You have nearly everything you want. What more could you wish?'

'But that's just it,' broke in Nell, 'we all do take some part in the league work (for it is one of our unwritten rules that every member must do something), and we have nearly every thing we want, from a material standpoint, but almost every single thing we do is for ourselves, and ends there. We're getting narrow and selfish, and we don't know it.'

The girl below stared.

'Don't you give to the missionaries?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, we do, a little. But though the young people here have good homes and all they want to eat and wear, they haven't much spare money. You see, the sons and daughters of farmers don't have cash incomes. But that isn't just the point, anyway. Giving money isn't giving the best, after all, if you don't give yourself with it. We need something to broaden our interests and increase our self-sacrifice.'

'Whatever do you mean?'

'Well,' said Nell, looking away over the yellowing grain-fields, which stretched for miles on every hand, 'there isn't any one —actually there isn't one person that I know of—around here in want of the necessaries of life. And yet there are lots of them in the world. Sometimes I envy you city people your poor folks,' she burst out suddenly.

'Well, of all the things to envy!'

'It's true, though. You see needs, and it makes you think and plan, and you are there to see for yourself, and to help yourself in meeting these needs. You see what I mean. You work for others, while with us, every meeting, every bit of music, even the missionary study classes, are really all for ourselves in the end. We are just shrivelling up, working for nobody but ourselves.'

'Oh,' said her cousin, beginning to comprehend. 'I see.'

Before her arose the vision of a Toronto deaconess's face, as she had last seen it, whose eyes were moist, and in whose voice was a quiver of pain, as she said, 'Oh, I have such a depressed feeling whenever I go into the country. There are such loads and loads of stuff everywhere, and often going to waste, that we should be so glad to have. Only think of feeding apples and potatoes to pigs, or letting them rot, that would help us to keep our poor people from starvation. Oh, I wish people in the country knew, or cared!'

Like a flash an idea came to Jenny. 'Listen, Nell,' she cried, and she rehears

ed the little scene to her. 'Just think, those deaconesses supplied one family with apples (culls, you would call them), and the cheapest brown sugar. They managed to get the bread themselves, and on that they lived for weeks last winter. Butter? Meat? Bless you, child, they are the luxuries of life to these people. Why, somebody asked one little fellow, whom the deaconness had sent to the country for a week, what he enjoyed most there, and what do you think he said?'

'I don't know. Horse-riding, maybe.'

'No, indeed. "Three square meals a day!" Think of that!'

Nell sighed.

'How I wish we could help. But, as I told you before, we haven't much money to give.'

'You don't want money. Don't you see? Give what you have. Set aside a jar of your canned cherries, or your raspberry or currant jam. And let your League join together and each contribute something.'

Nell sprang up, her eyes sparkling. 'The very thing! I'll speak of it at the very next meeting. We can do that without much money, and I guess we can make enough out of the league treasury to pay the freight.'

'If you can't, the deaconesses will themselves,' returned Jenny.

And that is how one girl and one league came to reach out a helping hand in the great work of the deaconesses among the down-trodden poor of the large cities. Knowing this, you would be able to understand the interchange of otherwise puzzling remarks before a recent meeting.

'I put down a jar of Deaconess's cherries last week. How are your strawberries keeping?'

'My Deaconess's hen is outdoing herself this summer. She seems to know hers are special eggs.'

'Jack's two rows of Deaconess's potatoes are doing famously. He says he'll have at least a barrel full.'

'Oh, you know my duck I set apart as the Deaconess's? Tom laughed at me so, for she went straight off and hid her nest, and I couldn't find it anywhere. But what do you think? Yesterday she came quacking home, as proudly as you please, with ten little yellow-balls waddling after her, They're to be Christmas ducks, you know.'

'Well, did you hear of the latest contribution?' said a new-comer, with twinkling eyes.

'No, what?' cried half a dozen voices.

'Old Shylock, the tightest man around, actually has a Deaconess's hive of bees! Think of it!'

'We'll have to double the membership fees to get enough money to pay the freight at this rate,' laughed the treasurer, as the opening notes of the organ warned them it was time to begin the evening meeting.

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What is the good of your getting a college education and knowledge in the head if the grip of this liquor demon is on your throat?—D. L. Moody.

The Miser's Baby.

(Zelia M. Walters, in 'Christian Standard.')

When Katherine came in one day saying, excitedly, 'Mother, what do you think? Old Mussy has adopted a little baby,' Jack the irrepressible promptly remarked, 'I'm sure he got it at a bargain, or he'd never have taken it.'

Katherine refused to take any notice of this speech, and went on talking to mother.

'It's a tiny little girl, only a little over a year old, and she's just as sweet as she can be. She is his sister's child; his sister died, and some one brought the baby to him, and, mother, I do believe he is fond of it.'

'How did you find out all this?' asked mother.

'Oh, I forgot to tell you,' said Katherine. 'I was going past the house, and he called me. I was so astonished that I was half afraid to go back. He was holding the door open, and I saw the baby on the floor, so I went in. Then he told me about her, and asked me what a baby ought to have to eat, and I told him we gave our baby bread and milk most of the time.'

'I ain't a baby,' interrupted six-year-old Gerald, indignantly.

'Of course you aren't now, dear,' said Katherine, 'but I mean when you were a baby.'

If I do say it myself, Katherine was the kindest sister I ever saw, and she never ruffled us boys, though I suppose we were provoking enough at times.

'Then,' Katherine went on, 'he asked me what kind of cloth babies' dresses were made of, and I told him I'd have to ask mother about that. I took up the baby and played with her, and when I was ready to go he took her. She reached out her little arms to him, and put them around his neck. He stood there holding her, looking half-pleased and half-ashamed. But, mother, I don't believe he is as bad as we have always thought. He must be good to the baby, or she wouldn't love him.'

I was a boy of fourteen then, not given to analyzing my own, to say nothing of other people's emotions. But I have since wondered what sort of feelings stirred that hard old heart when the baby's arms were clasped about his neck.

Old Mussy bore a dreadful reputation in the neighborhood. He lived alone in a little shanty in the midst of his broad acres. He carried on a brisk trade in animal skins, driving about the country in his old covered waggon to collect them. He exchanged dry goods, household commodities and ready-made clothing for them, and all who had dealings with him declared that he drove the hardest kind of a bargain. As he spent next to nothing, it was, of course, believed that he must be rich. Stories were told among us boys of boxes of gold buried under the hearthstone or hidden up the chimney. But I believe now that Old Mussy was far too shrewd to dispose of his wealth in that fashion.

Mother and Katherine went the next day to give Old Mussy some information about baby's wardrobe. They came back declaring that he was a different man as far as the baby was concerned. Katherine had begged to be allowed to make the baby's dresses. Mother gave her consent, and the miser seemed delighted to be rid of the perplexities of the subject. He gave Katherine twenty-five dollars to buy the necessary articles. We boys declared we couldn't believe that he had parted with that sum, until sister showed us the bills in her purse. In all other respects old Mussy continued to be the same grim, hard-hearted old skinflint. He still drove hard bargains, and held himself aloof from all neighborly intercourse. I met him near his cabin one day, and he gave me such a malevolent scowl that for awhile I thought Katherine's story of the baby must be a dream.

Meanwhile stories deemed incredible by many were told about him. Some one had seen him playing horse while the baby drove him about the yard. The most finished gossip of the neighborhood declared that an order of furniture from the nearest city had been sent him, and the articles were such as would furnish a room daintily for a young lady. A new room was built to the cabin, and passers-by gasped in astonishment to see fine white curtains at the window.

Katherine was the only one who really knew what was going on in the miser's house. Every one else was jealously barred, but she was always a welcome visitor. She corroborated the story about the furniture.

'Yes,' she said, 'that tiny girl really has a room of her own, and uses it. He never has her in either of the other rooms any more. Everything is so pretty and well chosen. If he has the taste to select such things, I don't see how he lives as he does. The baby was sitting on the floor with her playthings when we went in, but she dropped them to clap her hands and laugh. Then she went and crept up to his knee. I'm sure she loves him, and she's such a good-natured, sweet little thing, that I don't wonder he loves her, no matter how hard his heart used to be.'

Some months went on, and Old Mussy still turned the sour side of his nature to all the other world. Then something happened that showed him how much a man may need his neighbors.

There came a hurried knock at our door one evening. When father opened it we saw the miser standing there. He began to speak almost incoherently:

'Will you help me? She is lost. I'll pay you anything if you will help look for her. I missed her an hour ago. I've been looking ever since, but I can't find her. Oh, she'll be afraid alone in the dark.'

It is a common enough thing for a little child to stray from home. It does not sound very dreadful to read about. But to those concerned, what a tragedy it is! Old Mussy's grief and anxiety sent a thrill of sympathy through us. One of the boys was sent to other neighbors. They all responded willingly, and in a short time several search parties were organized, and started in different directions. Old Mussy stayed with our party, and he insisted on going to the woods.

'She likes to go to the woods,' he said in trembling tones; 'I take her whenever I can, and I'm sure that's where she would go if she started off alone.'

The search was not a very long one. We found her not far from the edge of the clearing, a little white bunch curled down beside a log, and fast asleep. When the glad cry, 'Here she is,' rang out, Old Mussy pulled off his battered hat, and said, 'Thank God,' and no prayer that I ever heard sounded more solemn to me. Henceforth he was one of us. Let him put on what mask he would, we had seen the real man beneath the surface.

The baby settled down in his arms with little cooings of joy and contentment. We blew our horns, and turned back to the

meeting-place. There was quite a crowd assembled, for many of the women had come out to learn the fate of the child. She was passed around from one to another, every one remarking what a pretty, good-natured little creature she was. Old Mussy stood by with a look of love and pride on his face that was a revelation to us.

When a movement towards breaking up was made, he stepped forward to speak.

'I'd be glad to invite you to my house to thank you, neighbors,' he said, 'but it isn't big enough to hold you. But there's a big room in the town hotel, and I'd like to see you all there to-morrow night.'

Many were the comments on this strange invitation.

'Do you suppose he's going to give us a supper?' said one.

'A supper?' cried another; 'why, he'd die sooner than part with that much money.'

'Maybe he's going to make a speech,' suggested some one.

It seemed to me that Old Mussy making a speech would be as queer a sight as Old Mussy giving a supper.

But the first guess was right. He did give a supper, and such a one as little Edgerton village had not seen since the great banquet at which the Governor was a guest. Old Mussy's appearance in a decent suit of clothes and in the character of a generous host, was an act that placed him high in the estimation of all. Mother and Katherine were guests of honor, and the baby, like a loving little fairy, revelled in a host of new found friends.—'Christian Standard.'.

To Girls.

It was common tools, and common cutting and chiselling of the marble every day that produced the great Venus de Milo, but the artist, using the common tools in the common way, had in his great mind the 'perfect woman nobly planned.' So God would put every girl in the way of common duties and ask that she do the commonest things in her every day life 'as to his laws.' He knows that she who scorns the common knowledge of house-keeping will bring to naught her home-making, while she who makes these common, every-day tasks a willing offering, a loving sacrifice for the love of Christ, will be no longer ordinary 'corner-stones' but 'sculptured after the similitude of a palace,' and placed upon the Rock that is the same, 'yesterday, to-day and forever.' The girl whose heart longs to sympathize, while her brain pauses to weigh the ideas in conflict, and her hands hasten to do with their might whatsoever they find to do, prays believingly:

'Great Sculptor, hew and polish me, nor let
Hidden and lost Thy form within me lie.
Spare not the stroke! do with me as Thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect image—
Thou, my God and Lord.'

—'Temperance Record.'

Hon. George Torrance, superintendent of the Illinois state reformatory, declares:—'The cigarette is doing more harm than the saloon. Out of 1,500 boys under my care, 92 percent of them were cigarette smokers when convicted, and 85 percent so addicted to their use as to be classed as cigarette fiends.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Robert's Wrong Idea.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Robert Grant had got an idea in his head that he was 'good for nothing that was good.' Such was his mother's quaint way of putting it, and when, as quite a young man, he was sent to finish his education at college, he went with much nervous heart-searching, for he felt that his parents were wasting their hard-earned money in providing for his education, whilst they might have given it to better purposes.

'My lad,' his father said to him on the eve of his departure, 'you must try to get a better opinion of yourself. You know that you have done well so far in your schooling; now go on as you have begun,and make a name at college.'

'Ah, but you must not forget, father, that I have been among my own people all these years; and now I am going among strangers.'

'Nevertheless, Robert, you will still have the Friend who will be ever close at hand; and his friendship is worth all else.'

And that friendship, Robert in a thousand ways proved to be close and great; and, lad of many prayers that he was, he speedily made his mark among his fellow-students, and was able to write home cheery letters full of his doings and achievements.

When the day came for his return home for a holiday, his parents amid the Welsh hills wondered if Robert were still the simple-minded, high-minded boy as of old; and they looked for his coming with curiosity that never assumed the tone of anxiety, for they were full of trust and hope.

And they were not disappointed; Robert was, if anything, a shade quieter, and certainly more thoughtful, and not one whit more self-assertive than before.

'I seem so useless, mother,' he said a day or two after his return home, 'with all my success at college, I seem to be so unable to do any good or help any one in any way.'

'My son, be ever ready,' his mother replied, 'to do only those things that come to your hands, and be sure you will not live an idle or useless life.'

And from what simple deeds great results sometimes come! It happened so in Robert's case, for not many days later the vicar of the parish asked him to be good enough to take part in some evening for the villagers that was being arranged.

'But I am afraid I can do nothing of any use,' said Robert.

'Nonsense!' said the vicar. 'You can sing the hymn before my address;' and he laughed.

Robert, however, took it in earnest, and he said,' 'Yes, I'll do that, if that is all you need;' and the vicar smilingly assented.

And from this trivial matter a great fact was to result.

The evening arrived, and there, with his back almost turned to his audience, and accompanied by his sister, Robert sang very sweetly and tenderly the hymn,

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'

His very soul seemed to be in the pleading prayer of the verses, and, forgetting his audience for the moment, he appeared as though he were really in the actual presence of his Saviour, pouring out his heart to the ever-open ears.

And other ears were there, for far back in the little hall sat a young man who heard and drunk in the words and pathos of their hymn as no one else did, and whose eyes filled as he listened to the plea—

'Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.'

Not long had he laid his mother in the earth, and all hope seemed crushed from his life. But here was ground for fresh courage. And leaving the hall hurriedly, he went home, and flung himself on his knees, he cried—

'Simply to Thy Cross I cling;'

and in the new-found joy and strength went next morning to call on Robert.

What happened need not be chronicled, save that from that day the young man set his face Zionward, and set his heart on turning others to the Christ whom he had found; and to-day he stands in his own pulpit to declare the way of salvation to his fellow-men.

And Robert, what of him? Only this—that the incident so touched his heart that he too consecrated his talents to God, and now, in his position of headmaster of a large boys' school, he is still able to sing as well as speak of the cleft and living Rock from whence men may draw living water.

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For the King's Day—Written by George Wither in 1623.
Canada's Coronation Ode—By Bliss Carman, with comments from 'Public Opinion,' New York, and the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Chinese and Japanese Envoys in London—'Westminster Budget.'
The Book of King Arthur—a Fragment of Malory—'Punch,' London.
The Silent Man—'The Pilot,' London.
What is the Boers Religion?—By a South African Reader, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
Jews who wear Pigtails—New York 'Tribune.'
Science and Enterprise—By Poultney Bigelow, author of 'White Man's Africa,' etc., in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Humors of Bisley—'Daily Mail,' London.
The Trust Problem in the United States—By Victor S. Yarros, in 'The American Journal of Sociology,' Chicago.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Primitives at Bruges—'The Times,' London.
An Interview with George Frederick Watts—By W. T. Stead, in the American 'Review of Reviews.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Scholar's Prayer—Poem by Theodore C. Williams, in the 'Outlook.'
Morituri Salutant—'Punch,' London.
Concerning Herbs and Beasts—The 'National Review,' London.
A Religion of Justice—New York 'Evening Post,'
Shakespeare vs. Bacon—'The Pilot,' London.
Christianity and Politics, W. E. Gladstone—By George W. E. Russell, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Advantages of Education; Oneself—By Newell Dwight Hillis, in 'Success.'
The React on Against Co-education—By Prof. E. E. Slosson, University of Wyoming.
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LITTLE FOLKS

Bessie's Sunday Dress.

Bessie longed to wear her new Sunday dress to school. The more she thought about it the more she wanted to wear it. It was a very pretty dress, of fine white material, with ruffles round the bottom and a yoke of embroidery and lace. Bessie had worn it only once to church, and she felt sure that her mother would not consent to her wearing it to school. There were to be visitors at school that day—Molly Waite's mother and grown-up sister—and foolish little Bessie thought it would be a fine thing to appear in her pretty new dress. She was anxious to see Molly's mother and sister, for they had recently come from Paris, where she had heard that very beautiful dresses were made, and she expected that they would wear something very different from what she had ever seen. So Bessie kept thinking about her Sunday dress and trying to plan some way to wear it.

'After breakfast her mother said, 'Run upstairs, Bessie, and get ready for school!' and she went slowly up to her room, thinking hard all the way. She opened her closet door, and took down her new dress. Its beauty decided her—she must wear it to school! She took the scissors from her little work-basket and ripped three buttons off the back of her blue gingham. A pretty pink muslin hung next, That she wore on very hot days, and to-day was warm. She hesitated a moment, and then pinched up a bit of the front breadth with both hands and pulled hard. She meant to tear only a little place, but the muslin was tender and a long rent was the result, She looked at it in dismay; but there was no time to mourn. The next hook held a white percale, a plain little frock of last year's fashion, but clean and whole. Bessie ran to her inkstand, intending to fling only a tiny dot of ink on the waist, but the pen held more than she supposed, and it made several ugly blotches. Bessie hastily hung the dress in its place. Then she took off the old brown gingham she had on, which was too warm to be fit for school, and, arrayed in her new white muslin dress, she edged cautiously down the stairs. She hoped to get out of the front door without seeing any one; but her mother was dusting the hall, and there was no escape for her. Mrs. Staunton looked in astonishment at the little figure coming down the stairs. Bessie's cheeks were very bright, as she said: 'I had to wear my Sunday dress to-day, because there's something the matter with all my school ones. The blue gingham has some buttons off, the pink one is torn, and I got some spots on my percale, and so this was the only one left for me to wear.'

The mother looked searchingly at her little girl, and then said: 'I am sorry. Well, you had better stay at home to-day, for this isn't suitable for a school dress. Nora will be sweeping the library and dining-room; but you will get no dust in the parlor.'

At first Bessie was rather pleased to be allowed to stay at home from school; still, she was very sorry not to see Molly's mother and sister, and after a time she got tired of the amusement the parlor afforded. She looked the books through. There were not many pictures in them. She wearied of drumming on the piano. At last she peeped into the library.

'Shut the door!' called the mother. 'I don't want any dust to get into the parlor.'

It was the longest forenoon that Bessie had ever known. At dinner time, her mother came in, bringing a small tray.

'You'd better have your dinner

Nursery Weather Signals
Easterly Winds
Stormy, followed by colder weather with —
Cold Wave.
Clearing; with decidedly warmer Weather toward Evening.

in here,' she said. 'I didn't bring you any gravy, for fear you'd get some on your dress.'

Then she went away, and Bessie, whom something had kept from speaking, looked at the tray. There was meat and potatoes, bread, and butter, and a glass of milk. No dessert, though Bessie knew that there was to have been tapioca pudding. A few tears trickled down her cheeks as she ate her dinner. It was not the kind of day she had expected when she put on her new dress.

Nora came and took away the dishes, and Bessie was again left without anything to do. She was very miserable. She did not like to think of those dresses up in her closet. Her new white dress began to look hateful through her tears.

After a while her mother opened the door. The blue gingham and pink muslin lay over her arm. She carried Bessie's work-basket.

'I think you had better mend these,' her mother said, 'so that you will have something to wear to school to-morrow.'

'I—I don't know how to darn,' faltered Besse.

'I will show you,' was the answer.

But the needle, which went in and out so smoothly in the larger fingers, seemed to take delight in following crooked ways when transferred to the small, unskilled hand. The thread kinked and knotted and broke, until the little girl cried out, almost with a sob: 'I can never do it; I know I can't!'

The mother's gentle fingers smoothed out the muslin and straightened the thread, and Bessie went to work again; but it took a long part of that bright sunny afternoon to put the torn muslin into wearable condition. When at last it was completed, the little girl looked at it with many misgivings, for the darn was in the most conspicuous part of the skirt, and she wished—oh, how she wished!—that she had never made the mending needful. When the buttons had been sewed on, her mother said:

"Go up-stairs and put on your brown gingham, and we will see what can be done with the ink spots on the white percale.'

Bessie was glad enough to get off the new dress, that had grown so

FISHING BY HIMSELF.

unpleasant in its suggestions; but somehow she did not feel much happier in the old brown gingham.

In the kitchen, she spent an hour or two with her mother in learning how to extract ink from cotton, and not until the waist was free from stain and smoothly ironed was she released.

'That looks very well,' said the mother. 'You may go now, Bessie.'

But Bessie was in no haste to leave. She hung round the kitchen watching her mother, who was making rolls for tea. Finally, she went straight to her mother's side.

'Mother,' she began; 'I—I ripped off those buttons?'

'Yes, dear,' was the gentle response.

'And I tore the muslin, and spotted the percale on purpose!'

'Yes, Bessie; I know!'

'O mother,' sobbed the little girl, 'I am so sorry!'

'So am I, dear. It has been a hard day for both of us—hasn't it? But we are not going to have any more such days. Now run up to your room and get ready to see father when he comes home. He missed his little girl this noon very much.'

The next day, Bessie wore her blue gingham to school, and Molly's mother and grown up sister were there; and if they wore Paris gowns, Bessie didn't know it, for she couldn't tell any difference between them and the kind the other little girls' mothers and sisters wore.—'The Presbyterian.'

You Can't Cheat God.

Ned took his cousin Grace along to keep him company while he worked at a job he had to perform.

'I don't think you're doing your work very well,' she said. 'It looks to me as if you were slighting it.'

'That's all right,' laughed Ned. 'What I'm doing will all be covered up, you know.'

'But isn't that cheating?'

'Maybe 'tis, after a fashion,' answered Ned. 'But it isn't like most cheating, you know.

'That's not the way to look at it,' said Grace. 'If it's cheating it's cheating; you know that. You can't excuse it because it isn't the worst kind of cheating.'

'But the man won't know about it,' said Ned.

'He may not,' said Grace soberly, 'but God will. You can't cheat God.'

Ned stopped work and went to thinking. Presently he said: 'You are right. I'm glad you said that, Grace. I'm going to begin over. There shan't be any cheating this time.'

Ned undid what he had done and began again—began right—and I know he felt better. I hope he will always remember that no one can cheat God.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

Worse Than the Beasts.

(By Anna S. Thompson, in 'Temperance Record.')

They say that man is wiser far
Than is the brute creation;
But how that thought they can maintain,
I'd like an explanation

In all my life I never saw
An insect, bird, or beast,
That had for drink an appetite,
Or cared for it the least.

And though they say that many men
Just like a fish do drink,
'Tis there they make a great mistake,
And foolish one, I think.

Who in a bar-room ever saw
A minnow or a shark
Drink wine, or ale, or lager-beer
Enough to float the Ark?

And e'en the monkey, most like man
Needs not a Temperance Band,
Nor ribbon blue in coat or vest,
Nor pen and pledge in hand.

Then don't you see, my dearest friends,
Unless strong drink we banish,
We'll worse become than any beast;
Humanity will vanish!

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 31.

The Brazen Serpent.

Numbers xxi., 1-9. Commit to memory verses 6-8.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 25.—Num. xxi., 1-9.
Tuesday, Aug. 26.—2 Kings xviii., 1-7.
Wednesday, Aug. 27.—Isa. xlv. 20-25.
Thursday, Aug. 28.—1 Sam. xii., 18-25.
Friday, Aug. 29.—1 Cor. x., 1-12.
Saturday, Aug. 30.—John iii., 5-17.
Sunday, Aug. 31.—John i., 29-36.

Golden Text.

'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'—John iii., 14, 15.

Lesson Text.

(1) And when King Arad the Canaanite, which dwelt in the south, heard tell that Israel came by the way of the spies; then he fought against Israel, and took some of them prisoners. (2) And Israel vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, if thou wilt indeed deliver this people into my hand, then I will utterly destroy their cities. (3) And the Lord hearkened to the voice of Israel, and delivered up the Canaanites; and they utterly destroyed them and their cities: and he called the name of the place Hormah. (4) And they journeyed from mount Hor by the way of the Red sea, to compass the land of Edom: and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. (5) And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread. (6) And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died. (7) Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the fiery serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people. (8) And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. (9) And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole; and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.

Opening Remarks.

Moses represents the righteousness of God, or the Law trying to subjugate a race of men to God and to make God King, to lead them triumphantly into peace and safe possession of God's blessings. Trial and temptation overcame this people and made the inability of law to save, clear to all who read this history in the light of the Gospel. The righteousness of man without an indwelling Holy Spirit only waits a suitable series of temptations to fail. These temptations may be unfelt while self-interest and parents' prayers shield us, but our Saviour succeeded in giving man righteousness from within and providing an environment of his own loving care and presence which can stand when flesh and heart fail. He that hath the Son hath life. This remarkable lesson in which sin is held up on a standard as a conquered foe, should deeply sink into the heart of each one who hears this story. He bore our sin in his own body on the tree, 1 Pet. ii., 24. He was made a curse for us, 2 Cor. v., 21. There, with his loving heart flowing out to sinful men and his arms stretched wide upon the cross-bar of his own standard, He took upon him as representative of a rebellious and evil race all the sin and offered himself once for all a sacrifice for the sin of the world. Behold the Lamb of God, John i., 29. The look of faith brings peace, sense of pardon and the indwelling of God's spirit, not by works of righteousness which we had done (as if any work could make us fit to dwell with an absolutely holy, loving and lowly one like Jesus) but according to his mercy, he saved us, and now saves by imparting his own spirit to make his sons fit for glory, Heb. ii., 1-10. When clearer light or times of discouragement, trial or failure make clear to the soul the real tendencies and incapacity of man to be free from pride, selfishness or distrust, the rock of Christ's ability and willingness to save is firm footing. This lesson should lead to definite acts of faith on the part of the class. To look and see their sin conquered and the record against us of its outgoings nailed to the cross (Gal. ii., 14). 'I have overcome,' 'It is finished,' were the words of our Saviour. He tasted death for every man. He died for us that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him. 1 Thess. v., 10. That is accepted in his presence because he took our sin on himself and us to be his own.

What a pity it would be if any class should miss this glorious truth. Some soul may never have it taught a second time. Be sure to get the truth clear whatever else is passed over in this lesson. Aim to draw a scholar out of the miry clay of self-esteem or self-confidence, and place his feet on the rock of Christ's work and power to forgive and energize them, giving a secondary place to the details of the doubtful geography and points which cannot serve any important interest to those who pass from the class into the maze of human existence.

Thirty-eight years having passed, the actors in this lesson are the children of those to whom God had said that on account of unbelief and disobedience they should die in the wilderness. Six interesting events had occurred since the last lesson left the people at Kadesh Barnea. (1) The revolt of Korah, who perished with Dathan and Abiram. (Chap. xvi.) (2) The budding of Aaron's rod. (Chap. xvii.) (3) The death of Miriam. (4) The striking of the rock by Moses, when provoked, which prevented his going into the promised land. Even Moses was guilty of sin, spiritual rashness has awful results. Moses may have been in the mind of the Apostle James, when he said, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.' (Jas. ii., 10.) A ring is spoiled by one break. A chain is no stronger than its weakest point. The treasures of God, the promised land, the Kingdom of Heaven can be obtained by trust in Jesus, who came not to destroy but to fulfil the law. He is the Way. 'Speak to the Rock,' seems to show that the Rock once smitten to give the water to God's people now would just need to be trustfully asked. Jesus, once smitten, now can be trustfully asked for living water. Moses represents works. Joshua represents victory by faith. Joshua succeeds where Moses fails. The law reveals sin and failure and so leads us to Christ as a Saviour. (Rom. iv., 5.) In the repulse at Kadesh from the Edomites who refused to let them cross their land, God was chastening Israel and teaching humility, obedience and faith, but Edom 'helped forward the affliction' for which they were punished by God. No person should assist God to punish his people by being unkind to them. (6) The death of Aaron, who was buried at Mount Hor and mourned for thirty days, preceded the defeat. Arad took some of them captives. (Num. xxi., 1.) This caused a general turning to God. It is better not to vow than to vow and not pay. Only God can enable any one to fulfil a vow. God will forgive and bless us for his own name's sake, but in a case of disobedience no answer to prayer can be expected until a right purpose to please God is in the heart. If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me. (Ps. lxvi., 18.) The discouragement in verse 4 was the cause of sin. The spirit of God is a spirit of trust, hope and patience. To prevent attacks of discouragement, unbelief, fear and resulting disobedience the Christian must be renewed every day by waiting before God to receive his own spirit. God has not given us the spirit of fear, but the spirit of Love and power and of a sound mind. Uphold me with thy free spirit. Faith is a sense of reality in things hoped for when founded upon the nature and promises of God who can not lie.

They spoke against God, and against Moses, very foolish, rash words. The manna which sustained them so wonderfully for forty years and the greatest wonder of God's grace in delivering from slavery they despised.

God teaches the appearance of spiritual evils to his people through things which will affect them more. When many were dying, Moses in verse 7 is asked to intercede, and the people confess their sin. Moses now sees it is time to pray for deliverance. A contrite heart will always have the Saviour's intercession and love. The serpent upon the pole, or standard, required faith to be efficacious. Those that looked were the ones who were healed. Individual faith for individual sinners will be needed to give that look to the cross which brings peace to a sinner. All men have not faith. It is the gift of God. A mottled red snake with fiery red spots upon its head, abounds in this desert. So inflammable is its bite that it is likened to fire coursing through the veins. Those bitten would suffer with unquenchable thirst. God had wonderfully preserved them from these serpents, but, as a chastisement to save them from the more terrible death of sin, he now permitted the serpents to come. All who trusted God enough to look at the brazen serpent were healed.

A missionary from India said that the children were sometimes bitten by scorpions in the place where they played, but they would gather round the sufferer and ask the Lord Jesus to heal her. The teachers supposed these bites were not bad until one of themselves was bitten, when the healing of the children through prayers seemed very wonderful, because the teacher suffered terrible illness and pain, until she thought of calling in these small disciples to pray that she might be healed.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 31.—Topic—Communion and transformation. Ex. xxxiv., 29-35; Luke ix., 28, 29.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Monday, Aug. 25.—Foolish speech. Job xxxviii., 2.
Tuesday, Aug. 26.—Bitter speech. Ps. cxi., 2.
Wednesday, Aug. 27.—Bold speech. Prov. iv., 24.
Thursday, Aug. 28.—Gentle speech. Prov. xv., 1.
Friday, Aug. 29.—Slanderous speech. Prov. xxvi., 20.
Saturday, Aug. 30.—Impure speech. Eph. v., 4.
Sunday, Aug. 31.—Topic—Taming the tongue. Jas. iii., 2-13.

The Cigarette Boy.

(By Ida B. Cole, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The well-known humorist, Robert Burdette, says 'the boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cipher with the rim knocked off.' Many other people share this opinion. The educators do not put a high value on the cigarette boy. Dr. David Starr Jordan makes the statement: 'The boy who begins cigarette smoking before he is fifteen never enters the life of the world. When other boys are taking hold of the world's work he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker.' The government of the United States has prohibited cigarette smoking at West Point and Annapolis on sanitary and moral

grounds. School boards and teachers in various parts of the country have expressed concern about the cigarette boy.

The physicians do not seem to have high hopes of him. Dr. A. Clinton, of San Francisco, physician to several boys' schools, says: 'A good deal has been said about the evils of cigarette smoking, but not one half of the truth has ever been told. Cigarette smoking first blunts the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the physical system. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart and sends them to the insane asylum. I am often called in to prescribe for boys for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten this is caused by the cigarette habit. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces, and straightforward, honest boys made into miserable cowards, by cigarette smoking.

Dr. E. S. Stuver, Secretary of the Medical Society of Wyoming, declares: 'I regard the cigarette as one of the greatest evils and curses that menace the health, happiness and intellectual and moral integrity of our boys.'

My boy, if you are a cigarette smoker, what is your future? Where will you go for employment? You think you will try a store? You are sure you would like to work up and become one of the firm. But does the store want you? Recently a Chicago lad inquired at ten places for work; each time he was met with the inquiry, 'Do you smoke cigarettes,' and some of the men examined his stained fingers. He was rejected in each case, and went home a wiser boy.

In many cities as you enter the office of the large stores you will confront a notice forbidding cigarette smoking among employees under eighteen years of age, for as the Manager of the Rothschilds' Department store in Chicago said, 'We don't want cigarette smokers; this firm has no use for a boy with dried-up brains.'

You say you will try the railway, you know you will like that. But how will the railway like you? The Panhandle system; the Michigan City division of the Lake Erie & Western; the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis; the South Carolina Department of the Southern Railway; the Union Pacific; the Rock Island, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy have issued orders against the employment of cigarette smokers, and you will find no chance there. When railway officials condemn, it is time you broke a habit which they say is harmful and renders men unfit for a service requiring steady nerves.

In Kansas City, Chicago and other cities the post-office authorities will under no circumstances employ the cigarette boy.

Suppose you apply at the Weather Bureau at Washington. Chief Moore has said, 'A cigarette smoker is not a fit man to be intrusted with the important work of the bureau. I would rather have in the service a man who drinks a quart of whiskey a day than a confirmed cigarette smoker. The order against cigarette smoking will stand, and it applies to the entire force of the bureau throughout the service.'

Not a very good outlook in business circles, you think, and so you will try the army. But Uncle Sam also has pronounced ideas about the cigarette boy. A United States Army surgeon says that nine-tenths of the young men who did not pass the medical examination at Mt. Gretna failed because of cigarette smoking. Recruiting officers said that not twenty percent of the Chicago boys passed the examination because of the prevalence of cigarette smoking in the city, but that from thirty-five to forty percent of the country boys were eligible. A soldier told this story of a comrade who was discharged: 'He came to our post, a clean, sturdy fellow as ever you saw, and he had no bad habits. His physical standing was good. He began to smoke, and smoked cigarettes, and kept it up during his term of enlistment; at the expiration of his term he thought he would re-enlist. He was a man now, and it seemed a farce for him to go through a physical examination, but the rules required it. "Sorry my man, but I can't pass you," said the examiner. The young man was amazed. "I ought to be as fit as when I first enlisted; I neither drink, chew, nor smoke—only cigarettes," he protested. "That's what has done the business for you, the cigarettes," replied the examiner, "I can't pass you." Only sound men are wanted in the army; the cigarette heart is of no value to Uncle Sam; it will give way at the critical moment.

You will fare no better if you seek to enter the navy; while seamen may do as they please, the apprentice is required to abstain from tobacco and recently in Michigan the examining physician refused applicants who were suffering from tobacco heart caused by cigarette smoking.

There seems to be no place for the cigarette boy except the hospital and the reformatory. Mr. J. J. Sloane, Superintendent of the John Worthy School, the reformatory for boys in Chicago, told the writer that sixty percent of the boys received there were cigarette smokers, with such pronounced appetites that during the first weeks of confinement many are sick with the terrible craving for the paper pipe.

The Hon. George Torrance, the former Superintendent of the State Reformatory at Pontiac, Ill., stated in an address at the National Conference of Charities and Corrections held in Cincinnati, that the cigarette is making more criminals of boys than the saloon. Of the nearly fifteen hundred inmates in that institution at that time, eighty-five percent were cigarette fiends.

There was never, in the history of our country, as many boy lunatics, boy criminals and suicides as at the present time, and in the majority of cases the police officer or the physician renders the verdict—excessive use of cigarettes. No wonder that states are passing prohibitory laws and earnest people are aroused to the danger. The state needs a pure manhood with clear brains; she can expect nothing from the cigarette boy.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus says, 'I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind and body, or more subversife of good morals than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization.'

Correspondence

Aspen, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am taking your paper, the 'Northern Messenger' this year, and like it very much. I have three brothers and two sisters. My eldest sister came home from the United States a few weeks ago. I have a great-grandpa who is eighty-nine years old, two grandmas and a grandpa, one grandma is eighty-five. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I hope to see it in print to surprise my friends who take the 'Messenger.'

ALICE B. McK.

Hatley, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, which is called 'Fairview Farm,' of 200 acres. We have 31 head of cattle, 8 horses, 9 pigs, 23 sheep, a few hens and 31 chickens. I go to school every day. I am in the Elementary room. My teacher is Miss Bayley. I live a mile from the school. For pets I have two cats, one gray and white, and one black. Their names are Polly and Nig. I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger' there. I have two brothers and one sister. My birthday is on May 7.

ALBERT E. B. (aged 11.)

Lower Salmon Creek, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I thought I would write and tell you of a trip I had to Boston, and of the things I saw. Papa and I went together, and we had a lovely time. We were in the public gardens. I think they are beautiful; there are so many nice flowers of all colors, and there is a lake in the centre with little boats sailing around on it. We were in the public library too. I think it is a fine building, and it is very large. We went to Tremont Temple, and heard some lovely music. We had lots of rides in the subway and also on the elevated railway. We also went to an animal show and saw lots of lions, leopards, tigers, bears, sloths, wolves, hyenas, etc., monkeys among the rest. There were about twenty lions in a large round cage and a man in with them; he had two whips, a little one and a big one, and if they did not do as he wanted them to, he whipped them; he made them all sit up on seats around the cage, then he made them all get down again and lie down around the cage; he also lifted a lion which weighed 450 pounds on his shoulders. Papa saw Longfellow's grave and his house and James Russell Lowell's birthplace, but I did not see them. I hope my letter may be interesting to some little boys and girls who have never been to Boston.

EDNA F. B. (aged 12.)

Alberni, B.C.

Dear Editor,—As I am renewing my subscription I thought I would write to you. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. The 'Messenger' is a very nice paper and I enjoy reading it very much. I got one subscriber for it. I have taken it for three years. It comes in my father's name. Alberni is a lovely valley four miles wide and twenty-one miles long. They are talking of putting a railway into it.

LILY C.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—There is a lady staying at our house, and she has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over twenty-five years and I like reading the Correspondence very much. I thought I would write a letter to you because I have not seen any letters from here yet. I go to school and I am in the senior third class, and I study geography, history and arithmetic. I have one sister and two brothers.

NORA J. (aged 3.)

Great Burin, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—My mother died when I was five years old. I have been living with my aunt and uncle for four years. My cousin takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to hear my uncle read it for the family. I have been talking of writing for a long time, but did not commence until now. I go to day-school. My teacher's name is Miss Hollett. I go to Sunday-school, and belong to the Band of Hope. In February the Band of Hope had a temperance meeting. I had a part in a dialogue. In March we had a half-pound meeting, every member took a guest and carried cake, etc., for them, and it was all put together, and the members and guests sat down, and nine or ten young ladies passed around cake and syrup to us. We call it a half-pound meeting because everybody has to take a little. We had quite a gay time.

BENNIE S. H. (aged 13.)

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HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Way

(By Mrs. Helena H. Thomas, in New York 'Observer.')

The meeting of mother and daughter, after a separation of ten years, brought a pang to the heart of each. If the daughter had voiced her thoughts she would have given utterance to these:

'Only fifty, but she looks as old as some octogenarians.'

Had the mother given expression to her pent-up feelings they would have taken this form:

'Only thirty, and yet she looks so old and care-worn.'

For love is not 'blind,' as some would have us think, but loves in spite of change, and so the united ones realized that 'fifty' and 'thirty' did not warrant such premature age as each gave evidence of. But they were discreet women, and neither wounded, as many another would, by saying:

'Why, how you've changed! I would hardly know you.'

The old home had undergone such a cleaning, in expectation of the daughter from the far West, and so much of 'mother's cooking' was in evidence, that the most exacting housewife could not find an excuse for hard work, for a day or two, so the mother and daughter drove to an adjoining town, the second day after they were reunited, to see a girlhood friend of the latter, whose mother lived with her; and as the old-time friends met, one said:

'Oh, Martha, you look like a girl, yet!'

While the other could only truthfully say:

'How good it seems to hear your voice again.'

The four women visited all day, as long parted friends will, and after they had discussed old times and neighbors, they fell to comparing different ways of doing work, where women through force of circumstances have no outside helpers in the home, because of Mrs. Watson's saying:

'Now you drive over next Wednesday and visit us.'

'How would Tuesday suit you?' queried Mrs. Strong, the senior hostess; 'we have an engagement for Wednesday.'

'Well y-e-s, I suppose I could manage it,' was the hesitating reply, 'but that's my ironing and baking day, you know,'

'Oh, yes, I forgot for the moment that you were as immovable as the hills, in such matters,' was the laughing rejoinder; 'but I long ago gave up crowding two days' work into one, just to save a little fuel, and you surely ought to have reformed when you no longer had a faithful daughter to help you.' And then turning to her younger guest, she added:

'How is it with you, Susan, do you cling to your mother's way, wash Monday, iron and bake Tuesday, etc., if the heavens fall?'

'Yes, mother's way has always been my way,' said the one with the old, young face; 'true, I have often found it hard to live up to my training, for I sadly realize that I am not as robust as my mother was at thirty, but, unless severe illness prevented, my clothes have always been on the line before my neighbors thought of hanging theirs out; while other days are filled up much as mother's would be in my place, though my family is larger than hers ever was.'

'Just as I have always tried to follow in my mother's footsteps,' said Mrs. Watson, with evident satisfaction at the result of her training.

'But we live in a progressive age,' said Martha, with sparkling eyes, 'and I think it is time to break away from the fixed rules of our grandmothers. You wouldn't think of sewing by hand just because they did.'

'You always quoted "mother's way" when we were girls,' said Susan, 'and lived up to it too.'

'Yes, Martha was an apt scholar,' here spoke up her mother, 'but the year you were married I had a severe attack of nervous prostration, and when I was forced to lie on my back and see Martha do all the work, I did some serious thinking, and the result was that I began to say:

'"You don't look well to-day, Martha, let the washing go until another day," or "Never mind if it is sweeping day, just dust the furniture and then wipe off the floors with a mop, wrung dry, and let them go until they really need sweeping." In other words I began to untrain Martha.'

'And she did it, too,' said the one thus spoken of, with a merry laugh. 'Now, if I feel equal to washing on Monday I wash; if I don't I wait until I do, and so it goes the whole week through. Frank appreciates mother's later efforts on my behalf, I assure you, for he often says he would rather find everything upside down than a cross, sick or nervous wife.'

Susan sighed as she thought of the far-away husband, and how he had begged in vain for her to be more considerate of her health, and then said, as she glanced about the pretty, orderly house:

'You are anything but a careless housekeeper, Martha.'

'Oh, no, I never could be that, for I love my home too well. Lack of the old-time set rules does not imply slipshod ways, for I find that by favoring myself, when my health demands it, I am equal to doing double duty on well days, and really enjoy what would otherwise seem like drudgery. So it has come to pass that, if my name is Martha, I am not "cumbered with much serving," else I would not have served up so simple a dinner, for the sake of visiting with you.'

Here Mrs. Watson sighed, as she contrasted the rosy-cheeked speaker with the one who looked twice her age, and then, in an undertone, said to the other mother:

'That attack of nervous prostration was a blessing to more than one generation, I'm thinking.'

A little later as the guests of the day rode toward home, they were so intent on their thoughts that there seemed no room for words until the mother, looking furtively at the careworn face, which seemed a rebuke to her training, said wistfully:

'Susan, I have been wishing that you would break away from your mother's training, and do as Martha does.'

'And I,' said the daughter, with a happy laugh, 'was wondering if it would be disloyal to you to do just what you suggest.'

Selected Recipes.

Potato crust for meat pies. One teacupful of cream to six good-sized potatoes, boiled and mashed fine; add salt and flour enough to roll; handle it as little as possible.

Orange Pie.—Three oranges and two lemons, grate one orange with the pulp and juice of the oranges and lemons; one-half pound sugar, yolks of six eggs, one tablespoonful cornstarch, mix together. Put one pint of water on the fire, and when it boils add the juice, sugar and eggs; cook one or two minutes, then put into your pie plates, fill one-half full and bake till the crust is done on the bottom. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong snow, add about three tablespoons of white sugar, then spread on the pie and bake a light brown.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'